

HILLS OF SLOW TIME

By Ananya Guha

There was a time
when the hills denuded
scattered out of myth
origin and ash
came tumbling down
with waterfalls, lakes and rivers
to give succour to incarnadine hues.
The hills I have known, paraded with
my destiny, the hills that moulded clay
into mythic dolls. Yes these were the hills I knew.
Molten clay, shrapnel hirsute legs the hills were
not man made. Man. Woman
and in the Sacred Groves the hush could be heard.
Not felt, only scatter of rains.
with a wild myth of flowers
heaping mounds of love.
Prescient hills you shoot out the future
and supinely lie on the past
in eternal rest.

Marigolds will not turn your hair
into wounded gashed fingers.
Marigolds only wither and mingle

fortuitously
with these hills of slow time.

SUMMER WINGS

And now the summer wings
translucent, hoary
makes the heart vapid

Summer has arrived
with red red wine- cherries
the searing heat will closet
us indoors, but outside
summer wings will play
naughty games.

I take a ride in summer
into dreams and robust thoroughfares
I walk in summer I talk in summer
for some respite. But summer wings
are ancient, as heartbeats resound
in animation.

DREAM WINGS

Dream wings
are far, the nearer
they come dreams
are distinct, distilled
and your waking hours
are lost.

Dream wings are water
hyacinths floating beside
stubble and growth.

Dream wings are hard hit
by summer's malefic ways
and winter's dreaded hibernation.

Dream wings are soporific
all to sleep, all to a tragic demise.

Dream wings walk though marsh, morass
what else are dreams about?

SUDDENLY...

There is stupor
a way of falling
who heals?
who picks up from
the garbage?
A crow nibbles,
pecks at rotten food.

There are houses nearby
nono dream houses
but they have dreams
they too weep, shout, eat
and drink

The crow continues to peck
in the garbage.
The black crow intruding
into my water hyacinth dreams.
The crow dreams.

And those houses, thatched
lined in a corner, wait
patiently for the next meal.

The children cry, want more
the father walks out grumbling

the mother consoles (the children)

The crow continues to nibble.

Suddenly there is blood.

NIGHT

The building shook
earthquake they screamed.
I looked at the earth it was
quivering from within. I woke
up from sleep to discover
that night had shattered
my dreams.

UNTITLED

It is the wan faces I remembered in childhood
peering across dreams and rhythms of darkness
light enmeshed itself in ways that struck
as sudden, dismissive, subversive.

Childhood was a foray into such dreams
with kneaded fingers resting on songs
that sung of eternity and a wisdom
opposed to living.

Childhood sprung into songs in wilderness

as hills with cloned feet looked surprised.
Atavistic, primal in surroundings
defying reality.

Unreality, then was a beginning escaping
into mythic shrouds of encompassing wilderness.

Everything is given, not taken.
Taken, not given, circuitous truth
edged with the shrapnel's nonsense.

DECISION

The black crow nestled
on the tree by the side
is hidebound.
No cawing, no sound
it seems the epitome
of life that is lost.

Lost that is deity
apotheosis of something
gone. The crow is silent.
Can it at least sigh, mourn
or even yawn?
The deity is standing
on arches of cross roads.

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Yet to decide!

Bio:

Ananya S Guha has been born and brought up in Shillong, INDIA and works in India's National Open University, the Indira Gandhi National Open University. His poems in English have been published worldwide. He also writes for newspapers and magazines/ web zines on matters ranging from society and politics to education. He holds a doctoral degree on the novels of William Golding. He edits the poetry column of The Thum Print Magazine, and has published seven collections of poetry.